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THE SONG OF THE PASSER BY

Is there any religious edifice in the world so beautiful as the Jama Musjid of Delhi ? Is there another sacred pile in the world where so many of its greatest men have prayed ?

I have seen the Jama Musjid at all hours and at all seasons. In the morning when the glorious sandstone steps, red, as befitting a staircase for royal feet, glows hourly richer and more rare. When the shadows on the white marbles fall sharp and clears and the stones dazzle like diamonds against a velvet background of dark clouds.

And I have seen it in the evening, when driving home from long, sunny afternoons spent wandering in Delhi's city of Dead Kings, that forty square miles of mausoleums un-paralleled elsewhere, in the company of royal ghosts far more entertaining than the *soi-disant* living men and women at the Club. Of the Moghul Princess who, forcibly married to a son of Nadir ?Shah, the human fiend, only

survived the horror for one short year, and

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